STORY OF BALFOUR'S TRIP TO CAPITAL

British Foreign Secretary Left England April 11 on Fast Cruiser.

This is the story of the journey of the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, British foreign secretary, and his party, beginning with their arrival in Canada and ending with their being ensconced in the home of Assistant Secretary of State Breckenridge Long in Sixteenth street.

Leaving England on a swift cruiser April 11, the members of the British mission arrived at Halifax last Friday after an uneventful voyage.

A special train was waiting for them in Halifax and they proceeded immediately to the little Canadian town of McAdam, at the northern end of the international bridge which Werner Horn, a German officer, once attempted to dynamite.

With a five-car special train the American reception committee, composed of Assistant Secretary Long, Rear Admiral Fletcher, and Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, was waiting at the American end of the bridge.

Boarded Train.

At Vanceboro, Me., the foreign secretary and his party boarded the American train.

While the train sped on to Portland, the members of the American committee greeted the members of the mission and arranged for their comfort.

Owing to the fact that the train was not running on a definite schedule many stops were necessary as it traveled to Worcester and through other places in New England. News of the presence of the British foreign secretary and his party spread like wildfire all along the line, with the result that at scores of places flag-waving and cheering crowds gathered at railroad stations.

At each stop Mr. Balfour went to the rear of the observation car, removed his hat and bowed.

He made no speeches to the crowds, but to his associates and members of the American committee he quietly said: "It is all very impressive and very deeply moving and touching."

Talks About War.

During the journey Mr. Balfour conversed with Assistant Secretary Long on American participation in the war, and expressed the belief that America's co-operation would astonish the world, particularly Germany.

Immediately after official announcement was made by the State Department that the foreign secretary and other members of the mission would reach Union Station at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, men and women representing all walks of life flocked to the railroad terminal to get a glimpse of the distinguished men and pay their respects.

Train Comes In.

Promptly at 3 o'clock there came a shrill shriek from an engine whistle, accompanied by the tolling of a bell. A hush enveloped the crowd, now lined seven or eight deep in the station, filling the windows, standing on seats, and in every other vantage point imaginable.

Escorted by Secretary of State Lansing, Counselor Pork, and members of the American committee which accompanied them from the Canadian border, the visitors slowly emerged from the trainshed.

As the crowd got its first glimpse of the white-haired dean of British statesmen, a mighty cheer rent the air. Mr. Balfour bowed and smiled gravely.

Slowly Mr. Balfour, accompanied by gold-braided army officers, walked before the crowd. His face was calm, unmoved by the cheers.

Passing through the President's room, the British statesman and his party entered waiting automobiles on the east plaza.

The chauffeur speeded up his car and the cavalry escort dashed along.

Notwithstanding the speed at which the trip from the station to the Sixteenth street house was made, many pedestrians along the streets recognized Mr. Balfour and Secretary Lansing and cheered.

It may have been the surroundings, or it might have been the spirit of "our allies." At any rate, women dabbed their eyes and men cheered themselves hoarse as automobile after automobile swirled into the entrance to the Breckinridge Long mansion.

Many Precautions.

There were precautions taken to guard the house that seemed to the uninitiated too elaborate. But the soldiers and police on duty there proved none too many fifteen minutes before the arrival of the little procession which escorted Mr. Balfour from Union Station.

By 2:30 o'clock a crowd which increased each minute, lined the sidewalks in front of the residence, and automobiles were passing up and down the street, at second intervals.

In three tents, pitched to the south of the mansion, was camped a detachment of soldiers, with Ligutenant Wyland in command. The men were from the First Regiment of Engineers, stationed at Fort Washington. They will maintain their guard during Mr. Balfour's stay.

Captain Williams, from the Fourth precinct, himself a native of England, assisted by Lieutenant Wall, was in charge of a squad of policemen. At 2:30 o'clock the policemen who were station at short intervals surrounding the building were re-enforced by the soldiers, with loaded guns.

THE WEATHER REPORT.

Forecast for the District of Columbia—Probably showers this afternoon or tonight; cooler tonight; Tuesday fair and cooler; moderate variable winds.

Temperatures.

8 a. m.	58
9 a. m.	66
10 a. m.	72
11 a. m.	76
12 noon	76
1 p. m.	78

Average temperature for this date for the last 33 years—56.

Tide Table.

High tides	9:14 a. m., height 3.2 9:46 p. m., height 2.8
Low tides	3:21 a. m., height 0.3 3:52 p. m., height 0.5

Sun and Moon Table.

Sun rose	5:20 a. m.
Sun sets	6:52 p. m.
Moon rises	6:17 p. m.
Moon sets	9:38 a. m.

Light automobile lamps 7:28 p. m.

Balfour an Outdoor Man With Face of a Scholar

British High Commissioner's Chief Characteristic is Determination, Offset By Geniality, Kindliness, and Quiet Sense of Humor.

Taller than any other man in his party, his broad shoulders held well back, his carriage erect, Arthur James Balfour, British high commissioner to the United States and some time premier of his native land, suggests above everything the incarnation of determined, implacable purpose.

The British statesman on his appearance in Washington was clad in frock coat, high hat and gray trousers—just such attire as British statesmen have worn almost since trousers first came into fashion. His shoes were square-toed and of soft leather—shoes of a man who walks much and walks comfortably.

His face, florid and framed by snowy-white sidewhiskers and white hair, is the face of a scholar and dreamer. Only the set of the jaw suggests the possibilities of the swift and resolute action which he has shown to be a marked quality of his personality. The British statesman's forehead is broad and high. His eyes, protruding slightly, have an appearance of near-sighedness, which perpetually suggests he is on the point of asking a question.

Standing beside Secretary of State Lansing, the British commissioner is a full silk hat higher, and the Secretary of State is of more than medium height.

An Out-of-Door Man.

A glance at Balfour shows him to be a man of the out-of-doors. His face is reddened by exposure to wind and sun. And his long, swinging walk indicates years of tramping over heath and moor. It is the gait of the long-practiced pedestrian.

Among the books which reach the statesman, and which he enjoys, are the "penny dreadful"—the English equivalent of the "Nick Carter" and "Old Sleuth" type of literature. Balfour is an omniverous reader, digesting alike philosophy, history, essay, and drama—but his relaxation is found in the terrific exploits narrated in the lurid type of fiction. In this respect he resembles President Wilson.

Balfour is fifty-nine years old and has never married. A vow which he took at the deathbed of his sweetheart, Mary Lyttleton, to be true to her memory, has kept him single through life. But, though the British commissioner has no children of his own, his love of children is one of his pronounced characteristics.

A little incident at the Union Station yesterday illustrates this.

When the English statesman reached the Presidential exit of the Union Station, a small, shrinking form attracted his attention. Six-year-old Duvall Lemon, son of the surgeon attached to the Union Station, had stepped inside the "dead line" not six feet from the path of the party.

Very Close to Tears.

Terrified by the magnificence of the approaching entourage, bewildered by the vast, uproarious noise echoing through the cavernous station, the youngster squirmed against the wall, twisting his tiny sailor blouse with small, nervous hands. He blushed, and was very close to tears.

As the right honorable commissioner passed the lad he turned his head, nodded and smiled. That smile had in it the gentleness which a grown man feels for a child, small, weak, and afraid. It helped Duvall to recover himself. He straightened up, then ran back to his father with the confidential information that "HE spoke to me." Such was the effect of the friendly glance.

Balfour seemed astounded by the enthusiasm which his arrival in Washington had aroused. As he entered the station plaza he kept glancing left and right, as though to make certain that in this throng he had none but admirers.

The only other occasion on his trip to the Breckenridge Long mansion, when the British commissioner, aroused from his air of mild, calm inquiry was when he passed the home of the French ambassador, J. J. Jusserand. The French ambassador and a knot of attaches were on the upper portico. As the procession passed, M. Jusserand waved his hand while the attache applauded.

Balfour removed his high hat, and again a rare, delightful smile overspread his countenance.

In Rock Creek Park.

Scarcely had the distinguished visitor had time to remove the stains of travel before he became the man, rather than the statesman, and decided to take a walk all by himself.

Unrecognized by the crowds swarming the vicinity, the distinguished Britisher walked out the front door, stepped into a big touring car with a Secret Service man and a Scotland Yard inspector, who had dogged his footsteps since he left the shores of England, and was driven rapidly up Sixteenth street to Rock Creek park, his car turning into the woods at Bladen avenue.

Mr. Balfour smiled at the throngs as he left the MacVeagh house and slapped the American Secret Service man—Miles McCahill—on the back and seemed to jest with him about the simple manner in which the crowd had been eluded.

After the automobile had penetrated the wooded park, less than half-a-mile, it stopped and the tall white-haired statesman alighted. He took off his hat, threw it into the car and then stalked off through the trees and shrubbery.

The two body guards followed about fifty paces behind the former premier, but he appeared unconscious of their presence. His attitude was that of one free and untrammeled by formalities.

Sets a Brisk Pace.

At first the great Britisher was content merely to stroll, stopping frequently as if to enjoy more thoroughly the pure air and the wealth of nature's beauties on every side. Occasionally he bent to pick a violet or wild flower or examine some specimen of flowering bush along the path.

But when he got down to the business of walking, he walked. He swerved from the beaten path into the underbrush, and set a brisk pace for the immaculate guards, who were attired for the niceties of social functions.

The American was reminded of the days when the redoubtable Roosevelt led the Secret Service men on long tramps through the same park and even through the creek in winter time, while the English detective must have had emotions of a positive sort.

For nearly an hour the towering statesman, his silvery locks swept back, and, toward the end of the journey with his coat thrown over his arm, wended his way through the woods more or less rapidly, beating the undergrowth with his walking stick and seeming to take a keen interest in everything.

Once he reached an elevation that spread before him a panorama of scenery that held him enthralled for several minutes. He threw back his shoulders, breathed deeply, and seemed to feel an ecstasy of delight.

It was with some reluctance, manifested by his hesitating step, that he strolled back toward the waiting automobile as twilight tints suffused the expanse of leafing treetops in the National Capital's prettiest nature spot.

The trip back to the temporary home of the British dignitaries was without incident, and Mr. Balfour entered the front door as he came—unrecognized by the curious crowds.

Of Scottish Stock.

A son of James Maitland Balfour and Lady Blanche Mary Harriet, sister of Lord Salisbury, Balfour was born July 25, 1848. His family is a branch of a royal Scottish clan, owners of Balfour castle near Fife. As a lad at Eton his slender, awkward form and pallid, scholastic face won for him the nickname of "Miss Nancy." He was Lord Lansdowne's fag, and, according to tales of him, preferred the quiet of the library to the soccer or cricket field. Lord Lansdowne was the first to predict for the tall, ungainly youngster, the career of a "second Disraeli"

He came into prominence after a not remarkable early career in the House of Commons, when he was selected as chief secretary for Ireland. His predecessor had been slain and the Irish were in rebellion. Balfour showed in one year—1884—qualities which none of his friends suspected he, the quiet scholar, possessed.

Sternly, methodically, and without fear, he began a systematic repression of the rebellion. The hangman's noose played a part in this and the prisons were full to overflowing.

The rebellion was crushed.

His Attitude Impersonal.

There are many today to whom Balfour is and will always be "Bloody" Balfour because of those Fenians who were slain. So bitter did the feeling become that for a while the chief secretary of Ireland did not walk abroad unless accompanied by three or more detectives, all famous marksmen and of more than ordinary physical strength.

Throughout his Irish administration he preserved the quality which seems dominant in him—cool, indomitable courage. In his actions there was never a suggestion of age or of personal resentment. One brilliant member of the Irish Opposition once said of him:

"Balfour can call a man a fool and a knave in the most purely impersonal way of any man alive today."

Subsequently the present British commissioner rose to the highest office in England, that of premier of his majesty's government, and today he holds the post of secretary of state for foreign affairs.

This tall, quiet Englishman has two recreations—golf and bicycling. In recent years he has given up the bicycle in favor of the clubs, but when the bicycling fad was at its height he was among the leaders of this form of sport and was elected to the presidency of the Cycling Club of England.

He has a quiet sense of humor and an appreciation of the absurdities of life. A statesman once found him engrossed in Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" and expressed surprise that so keen a mind should find enjoyment in such nonsense.

"On the contrary," replied Balfour, "I find it a distinct relief after listening to parliamentry speeches."

When He Dismounts.

When the statesman was learning to ride a bicycle, he steered his vehicle into a flower bed and fell off just as two women were passing. A fellow bicyclist rode up to him and opened a satire fire of commentary.

"But," protested Balfour, "that was intentional. I always dismount in the presence of ladies."

Balfour's ideal life was described by himself some years ago to a friend, who asked him what he considered the perfect existence.

"To live in the country," he replied, "play a lot of golf, read much, think more and write little—that is the ideal life."

In these times his country needs him. It is doubtful whether Balfour will ever have the opportunity to live his ideal of existence.

SOLDIERS GUARD MANSION

Regulars Pitch Tents at House Occupied by Balfour Party.

Armed and under orders to be on the alert for suspicious persons, a platoon of United States soldiers is guarding the Breckenridge Long mansion, Sixteenth street and Columbia road, where Foreign Secretary Balfour and the members of his party are staying.

The soldiers have established a camp on the lawn which adjoins the former home of Secretary of the Treasury Franklin MacVeagh. The tents of the soldiers face toward the Long Mansion and at all hours of the day and night during the distinguished visitors' stay here sentries will keep a colse watch on the house.

The soldiers are not wearing dress uniforms, but are attired in service garb, with rifles on their shoulders and automatic pistols at their sides. Their cartridge belts are well filled. They have their orders and they know what to do in any emergency. The soldiers have been specifically instructed to keep everybody away from the Long mansion unless he or she be a member of the visiting party or household. No loitering will be allowed.

NOTES OF INTEREST ON BALFOUR PARTY

A tall, ramrod-straight man with a close cropped mustache and a walk that somehow made one think of the trenches, strode to the desk in the Shoreham Hotel yesterday.

"Where is my room?" he asked, and his distinctly English voice was perfectly modulated, but expressive of a shade of worry.

"What name, please?" the clerk requested.

"Brust—I'm with the mission, you know," he answered.

The clerk scanned the slip on which the mission was registered, and then looked up apologetically.

"Sorry, sir," he said, "but no arrangements have been made for you. But we'll see: Won't you just wait a moment, please?"

And thus became known one of the secrets of the mission, and the story of the one hitch in otherwise perfect arrangements.

For Mr. Brust—Hald Brust is his name—when at home in his native London is Sergeant Brust of Scotland Yard.

It was his belief that he was to stay at the Shoreham, as a secret guard for the party there—but through some inadvertance, no reservation had been made for him.

While Sergeant Brust was waiting, another Englishman entered the hotel—a prelate, evidently, rather stout, immaculately attired in long, black clerical coat, high fitting black vest, and high round collar.

But he wasn't a prelate. Instead, he is no less a person than Inspector Donnell, also of Scotland Yard, and reputed to be one of the best detectives and secret service men in England.

According to Assistant Chief Moran, of the United States Secret Service, who joined Inspector Donnell a few minutes later, the latter was "very much chagrined" over the discovery of his identity."

PLOT TO WRECK BRIDGE?

Rumors were heard in Washington today that a report reached the Balfour party that an attempt had been made to damage a railroad bridge near Boston, but that it was forestalled before the train would have passed had it gone that way. This rumor was not officially confirmed.

NO CHEER FROM EMBASSY.

There is at least one house in Washington passed by Mr. Balfour and his party yesterday from which no cheers and applause could be heard. Whirling along amid the tumult, there was a dramatic moment when midway in the drive to the Long mansion the procession passed the former residence of Count von Bernstorff, the German ambassador. The old German embassy building was locked and barred and the curtains were drawn. Not eve na caretaker was in sight. A lone policeman stood guard on the lawn. Balfour shot a passing glance at the building as it was pointed out to him, and the motor car sped on. Not a word was said.

POSES FOR PICTURE.

Mr. Balfour is evidently not opposed to publicity and photographers. As he came from the Union Station his eyes fell upon great numbers of intermingled Stars and Stripes and Union Jacks. Immediately he and his party stopped short, raised their hats, and saluted the emblems.

A newspaper photographer leaped forward, evading the armed guards surrounding the party.

"Can we have you pose a minute, Mr. Secretary?" he asked Secretary of State Lansing.

"No, no," replied Mr. Lansing hurriedly.

"Oh, yes, yes," interrupted Balfour, beaming upon the picture man, and with hat raised he posed with the Secretary of State until the camera clicked.

SENTINEL "GETS" CROWD.

Attracting almost as much attention as Mr. Balfour himself, a lone sergeant of the First Engineers, U. S. A., supremely conscious of the honor which had been conferred upon him, stood beside the door of the Long residence late into the night. Occasionally he turned his head, and then the fascinated spectators knew that he was alive, and not an automaton. Long after all the American officials left the Long residence, the crowd stayed, partly in the hope that Mr. Balfour would come out, partly to watch the interesting sergeant.

REFUSE TO CONFIRM STORY.

Neither State Department officials nor members of the Balfour party would confirm or deny the report today that the special train upon which the English mission arrived in Washington carried $2,000,000 in gold, and that to protect the money as well as the Commissioners guards were posted along the lines of the New Haven and Pennsylvania Railroads along the route of the train.

REMINDERS OF "TRILBY."

They might have been Taffy, Laird, and Little Billie, except that they had no beards. Just before the Balfour party stepped into the concourse at the Union Station yesterday, three younger statesmen emerged—Thomas Spring-Rice, son of the ambassador; Warren Robbins, and Hugh Gibson, of the State Department. With smiles they returned a bombardment of applause, which turned into a full throated cheer when Mr. Balfour stepped through the gate.

MAID PUTS ONE OVER.

A cockney English maid and another young woman tripped gayly up to the front door of the Long mansion, where are housed Mr. Balfour and his associates.

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the gallant William Capps, a policeman, intercepting the couple, "you can't pass here."

"Oh, I carn't, carn't I?" queried the maid.

"Not until I know who you are, at any rate," replied the officer.

Just then a little long-haired poodle dame barking around the corner, followed by the former premier's valet, typically English, and jumped joyously toward the maid.

"You see, Tootles knows me; carn't I go by now?" pouted she with the little white bonnet, patting the poodle.

"You certainly can," declared the policeman.

And she swept in triumphantly.

BRITISH PLANT MORE GRAIN.

LONDON, April 23.—The Times says that as a result of the government's appeal to farmers to plow grass lands 300,000 acres have been added to the grain growing area in England and Wales, the acreage in Scotland has been increased by 50,000, and in Ireland by 600,000.

British Commissioners Fooled Crowd at Hotel

Curious Washingtonians Were Expecting Top-Hatted, Frock-Coated Delegation, Not a Few Youngsters in Golf Caps and Tweeds.

It was a famous little group of Englishmen who left Mr. Balfour at the station and went to the rooms reserved for them at the Shoreham. They comprised military and naval heroes, statesmen, financiers, and noblemen—the pick of the British empire. But they didn't look it.

Youngish, smooth faced, and slim, for the most part, they might easily have passed for a party of youthful tourists.

They didn't even look "English"—at least not according to the popular conception of the way a Britisher should look. Evidently, judging from their garb the recent "English" styles affected by the American Beau Brummels were originated by some genius of dreams. These men, in times of peace the "smartest" in all England, were dressed in almost nondescript fashion. Their clothes were tweed, of no particular color, fitted loosely—almost baggily—and were sadly in need of pressing—although this probably was due to the long train trip which, as every traveler knows, invariably knocks out the tailor's creases in the third round, and substitutes trick creases of its own.

They brought few servants with them, and but little hand-luggage.

One Thing They Did.

They lived up to expectations in one particular, though. They brought with them a flock of golf sticks so bulky and so heavy that the manservant who carried them through the Union Station and later into the hotel walked like a kind, old, pensioned farm horse—sway-backed.

The automobiles carrying ten of the party, three servants, a Secret Service man, and a State Department official quit the station procession at Scott circle, Sixteenth street, and Massachusetts avenue, and sped to the Shoreham. This party included Lord Eustace Percy and A. A. Paton, of the British foreign office; Mr. McKenna, F. P. Robinson, M. D. Peterson, Col. S. E. Dansey, of the British war office; Mr. Anderson, Mr. Vigor, Major L. W. B. Rees, V. C. M. C., of the British aerial corps, and Geoffrey Butler, said to be one of the brightest young diplomats in all Great Britain.

Three man-servants accompanied the party—all in the employ of Lord Percy. Two of these lent a picturesque touch.

Both "Did Their Bit."

They are soldiers, who have "done their bit" and been invalided home.

Their clothes proclaimed them. They wore rough suits of dark material, army flannel shirts, and hosiery, and "trench" shoes—broad-toed, thick-soled boots studded with steel hob-nails.

Manager Collins, of the Shoreham, was waiting for his guests. For more than an hour previously, because of their coming, he had been forced to tell a stream of would-be patrons that there wasn't an available room in the house, and he was standing at the door to gree the Britishers when their machines drove up.

As they alighted he gave a signal to some one inside, and a huge British flag was flung out immediately over the doorway.

But though the management, and the Secret Service men, lounging about, apparently so aimlessly, recognized the visitors, the crowd which had formed on the sidewalk on both sides of the entrance, did not.

The latter had expected a small cavalcade in top hats, and long-tailed coats, and tight trousers. This little group in tweeds, golf caps, and broad-toed shoes, upset all their calculations. The commission members had quit their machines, entered the hotel and gone to their rooms before the spectators realized what had happened.

A number of the more curious rushed into the hotel lobby for another glimpse. They were too late. The rooms had already been prepared, and the visitors went to them without the formality of registering. The names of the party were sent down later.

Most of the party is quartered in rooms, next to each other, on the fifth floor. The rest are on the floor beneath.

Thought It "Quite Right."

They had asked for rooms for all together, but Manager Collins explained that this could not be done without discommoding patrons who live in the hotel the year around. He was unwilling to do this—and the Britishers told him "quite right."

Lord Eustace Percy, who might be considered the head of the party at the Shoreham, spent more than an hour in the hotel lobbies and parlors yesterday evening, but, save for friends who had called to see him, no one guessed his identity.

Lord Percy is one of England's foremost authorities on trade conditions. For some time he has been in charge of the Trade Division of the British Foreign Office. But he looks more like a college undergraduate.

Probably he is older, but he doesn't look more than thirty. Fair-haired, blue-eyed, and broad-shouldered, he lounged about in a loose-fitting grayish suit, and smoked innumerable cigarettes.

And he is not only boyish in appearance, but in his actions. He rushed up to one of his callers and hugged him bearishly in regular undergraduate style. A few minutes later he and his friends were "talking things over" on one of the big hotel lounges, with Lord Percy sitting doubled up on his feet like a sophomore in a fraternity house "cozy corner." He somehow reminded one of an "undergrad" anxious for the football season to open.

Lord Percy is familiar with Washington. He was at one time connected with the British embassy here, under Cir Cecil Spring Rice.

One of the most noted and most recent heroes in England is in the party at the Shoreham, in the person of Major L. W. B. Rees, a tall brown-haired and brown-eyed young man who, for all his tiny military mustache, gives the impression of extreme gentleness.

Major Rees' Feat.

Yet this same Major Rees recently fought, single-handed, with ten German aeroplanes, several thousand feet in the air, and directly over the British trenches; shot down four of them, and chased the other six back to their own lines. Early in the battle he himself was wounded in the knee—he still walks with a bad limp—but he kept right on fighting.

And after he had chased the last "Boche" off, he flew calmly back to his own camp, and asked for treatment for "a bit of a scratch." He said never a word about his fight.

Men in the trenches had seen the battle, however, and they did say something about it. The result was that Major Rees, then a captain, was promoted, and given that most coveted of all British decorations, the Victoria Cross. He had already won the military cross several months previously.

But this hero blushed like a school girl when asked about his battle last night.

"I—I was very lucky, that was all," he said. "I was wounded early in the scrimmage. I had been lucky enough to shoot one of the Germans down, when I saw another coming toward me, head on. I had about concluded that it was all up with me, when I noticed he was flashing a red light—meaning, 'I am seriously attacked; come at once.'

"I thought if that was the way he felt about it, I might help him on. So I was lucky again, and managed to get him. When he went down two other German planes, coming up, turned and flew back to their own lines. I dropped down about 200 feet, dodged about, and finally was lucky enough to get a couple more.

"That's All There Was."

"Then the others flew off and I went home—that's all there was to it."

The reporter suggested that it was enough, and Major Rees blushed again.

Geoffrey Butler, master diplomat, here in the capacity of a sort of general factotum, is another essentially interesting member of the mission, which, by the way, is officially known in England as the "British Mission to the United States of America."

It was Butler who told the story of the trip over, and described little intimate details about the personalities of his fellow members.

"We left England very openly, apparently," he said. "We were on one of our fastest ships.

"Then, for twenty-four hours we dodged up and down the coast to fool the Germans. A dense fog came, and under its cover we put into a very small port. That night, when it was quite dark, we really started. We were accompanied out of the harbor by a few destroyers—but once outside they left us, and we made our way 'on our own.' We had absolutely no convoy. Our only protection was our speed.

"No, we didn't have the ship entirely to ourselves. There were a great many Canadian women and children on board, going home.

Ship Dodged About.

"Of course there was a great deal of strain all the way across—and we dodged about quite a bit. But the trip was entirely uneventful. We landed at our port in Canada—I'd rather not tell its name, because we have to get back, you know—absolutely without adventure.

"Mr. Balfour probably was an unconcerned over the 'sub' menace as any one in the party. He spent almost the entire trip reading philosophy and penny-shockers (which, translated into an Americanism, would be 'dime novels').

"Mr. Balfour, you know, is passionately fond of 'penny-shockers.' He can literally bury himself in one.

"I tried one myself on the way over. Got it from one of the sailors. I think it was called 'The Man With the Missing Toe, or the Bloody Imprint on the Stairs.' I told Mr. Balfour about it that evening. He was interested at once.

"'Who wrote it?' he asked.

"I told him I really hadn't noticed, and he shook his head sadly.

"'That's it,' he said. 'We seldom do. So ungrateful! So ungrateful!'"

According to Mr. Butler, the visit of the mission is primarily complimentary in character.

"We in England have felt that we ought to pay our respects to this country in person," he said.

Glad to Help.

"If, during our visit, there is any possible way we can help America with our experience, we shall be only too glad to do so. We shall be only too glad to answer any question we can, and to give any suggestions that are desired. But we shall volunteer no advice. We are not here to butt our heads into anything. We feel that the United States should be allowed to conduct its war in whatever way it, itself thinks best.

"We are anxious to help, but we do not wish to force ourselves and our advice, on your Government."

"Would you advise the sending of American troops across?" he was asked.

"We will have an answer to that question if it is asked," he replied. "If it is not asked, we shall be silent. We have a very keen realization of the needs of the war, but as I said, we shall be very careful. We have no wish to butt our heads into your affairs, without being asked to."

Mr. Butler related many little details of the trip across, which may not be printed, for fear they might reach eyes for which they were not intended. He was in the midst of one of these descriptions when a newspaper correspondent attempted to surprise him with what he evidently considered a very cagey question.

"When was it," he asked, "that you thought you sighted that submarine?"

Butler turned and smiled.

"After a cocktail," he said.

ENVOYS PULLED BY TRUSTED ENGINEER

F. A. Graham, Pennsy Pilot Who Has Hauled Three Presidents, Brought Balfour Party.

While Foreign Secretary Balfour and his party were bowing their way through the big crowd which had gathered at Union Station yesterday afternoon to bid them welcome, a little man of about forty, gray haired, bespectacled, his face black almost beyond recognition, had climbed wearily down from the engine cab, picked up his coat and lunch pail and hurried away to his room in a hotel.

He was F. A. Graham, "engineer extraordinary" of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, a man who has become so acaccustomed to pulling safely many important parties that he thinks it no honor—he didn't even don a pair of clean overalls yesterday.

They don't class him as an ordinary train engineer, the railroad officials who know him and his spotless record. They call him the "special" engineer. For his is the duty of piloting all important special trains over the Pennsylvania system. In fact, so confident were the officials in the dependability of the little man with the shiny black eyes, that they did not change engine crews at Philadelphia as usual, but so arranged it that Graham stayed with the party from the time they left New York until they were safealy in the Washington terminal—Graham and his 1351.

Watched Engine All Night.

That 1351 is Graham's own engine. No one else is allowed to run with that engine, or to do the repairing necessary from time to time. That engine is part of the life of Graham, and he cares for it almost as though it were a living thing.

When told early Saturday afternoon that he was to bring to Washington the men who are to make history within the next few days, Graham was ready. But he took no chances. Rather than leave his engine for some ordinary helper to fire up, Graham stayed at the station all night, stayed with his engine. When asked if his engine had been searched for bombs before leaving New York, Graham laughed.

"Lord, no," he said. "I've seen every chunk of coal that went into that engine, and I stayed with her last night, so I knew she was all right. She's my engine, you know, and I know every spot on her."

Graham, in his seventeen years' service with the company, has pulled probably more noted parties than any other engineer now in service. A few of the men he has piloted—and he never had an accident, either—were President Roosevelt, President Taft, President Wilson, Sir Thomas Lipton, and many others whom he has forgotten by this time.

Much Baggage On Board.

But the baggage which Graham pulled yesterday! Enough to supply a company of soldiers; hat boxes, trunks, traveling bags, grips, tin boxes, fur coats, canes, typewriter boxes, and everything else which a proper Englishman finds necessary for his comfort and well being.

It was a "stag" train, not a woman being on board from the time it left New York until it arrived in Washington.

The colored porters and dining car waiters have not quit grining yet. Tips were large and plentiful on the trip.

"They wus mighty nice people," was the way one grinning porter described them, as he sat in the Pullman and counted the "returns" of the trip. "They wasn't nuthin' fussy about 'em. They was quiet, en' tended strictly to business. No, they didn't seem very joyfuk kinda depressed, you might say."